

The Gleaner

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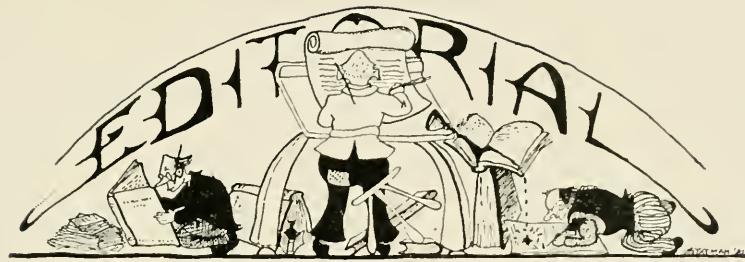
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Dear Sir:—

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C LASSES—Tomorrow they begin anew. By some they are gladly welcomed and by some sadly welcomed. All of us must take them in only one way though and that is, take them seriously.

To take them in the aforesaid manner will mean undivided attention in classes and two hours of uninterrupted study in the evening. It will probably be hard for most of us to settle down to it after about four months during which evenings were either lazied away or pleasurable spent, but if we observe Study Hour faithfully we can in almost no time become used to it.

When a fellow reaches his senior year or sometimes after a good part of that year is gone he begins to reflect, "Darn it why didn't I pay more attention in 'such and such' a class, or, why did I neglect to study 'that' subject."

Oft-times and in fact in almost every case the regret is voiced to an audience and along with it the sorry one will give a warning to those who follow him not to do as he did. His advice is listened to and he receives sympathy as his listeners resolve to take his case for an example; yet in the end they do exactly what he did and when their turn comes, also voice their sad regrets. The reason for this is that the meaning of classes is not seriously considered by the students until it is almost too late. Why is it that we cannot take warning when we have so many danger signals in our midst? Let's all resolve to work our instructors to the limit this term and to extract from them all possible knowledge so that we might know what they know and profit by knowing.

Education is the hub of civilization, and we who live in a highly civilized age ought to go after and get our share of it.



S. COLTON '26

IT'S UP TO YOU!

The other evening one of the fellows dropped in to borrow a book. He looked disinterestedly at one by H. G. Wells, gave but a single glance to English Poetry, and yawned at the old-fashioned pictures in a volume of Richard Harding Davis' stories. Finally he mumbled something about my having nothing to read and left.

Last night I returned the call. I had visions of thick volumes of superior reading on the bookstand of my unsatisfied visitor. Therefore, with great expectancy I picked up, and with greater shock, I let fall, "The Rover Boys in Alaska."

A solution to the puzzle presented itself. "Perhaps," I thought, "it belongs to his room-mate." But no! To my inquiring eye presented themselves: "Tom Swift and His Aeroplane," "The Motorcycle Boys

in the Rockies," "The Boys of Columbia High," and a half dozen more of similar nature. I left the room with downcast spirit and a great sorrow.

This, friends, is not an exceptional case. Indeed, it is almost the rule. You may find Scott or Thackeray next to one of the above, but the possessor will tell you that Thackeray is dry and he reads him only because he has to, for English Class.

Boys of eleven years of age are usually deeply interested in "Dick Dare at Hale Prep" and so also it seems, are boys of seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen at N. F. S. The time appears to have come when we must read good literature in secret to save ourselves from the "razz" of our fellows.

There is but one remedy. We

can choose between the skim-milk and the cream of literature. It is entirely up to us. Perhaps the completion of our new library will see an improvement in an unforgivable situation.

The Alternative

On the very eve of the outbreak of the World War, a group of three Americans boarded a big English liner which was leaving the French port, Cherbourg, for the United States.

The group was composed of a young man, about twenty-five years of age, his young bride, and his seventeen-year-old sister, who being entirely under the care of her brother, had accompanied the young couple on their honeymoon in France. They had lived a few weeks in Paris when the murmur of the coming war compelled them to think about their return to America. Besides, the incessant letters from their relatives in New York also insisted on their immediate return. So the three Americans, without any further delay, started their trip across the Atlantic.

The first day of the travelling on the then peaceful waters passed away, when suddenly the wireless station on the ship received a message announcing the outbreak of the war.

This news, like an unexpected blow, shocked the passengers. They had foreseen the possibility of war, but they had never expected to be separated from the native coast by more than three thousand miles of the already unsafe ocean.

The anxiety and nervousness of the passengers increased every moment. They crowded the deck and nervously discussed the events, anxiously looking around at the ocean, trying to find any sight of the enemy. But the ocean was still and quiet, without any visible ships upon the horizon. The "A——," that was the name of the ship, was fast advancing forward toward the safe American shores.

The officers of the ship, however, increased the usual "safety" demonstrations and instructions to the passengers. Every two hours a special gong called them together on the deck, where they practiced the proper handling of the life preservers.

Towards the end of that day the passengers lost some of their alarm. In the lighted ball room the ship's orchestra began to play and soon the floor was covered with the dancing couples.

Paul, that was the name of the young man, who had shared the common nervousness during the day, also danced a few dances with his fair companions. But he felt ill at ease.

He was not a coward, but he could not help thinking of his great responsibility for the lives of the two young women. "Have I the right to take such chances?"—he thought to himself, and again doubt and fear of the veiled future gripped him. He was peering out of the windows of the ball-room, and he saw those mighty beast-like waves on whose powers and mysteries depended their fate. His uneasiness and someberness was conveyed to his companions and it was late that night when they separated and went to their cabins.

The sun had hardly risen above the ocean's surface, when he dressed and ascended to the deck. He felt strong as usual, but his thoughts of yesterday had not entirely left his mind. He walked astern and threw a glance in the direction of Europe. There the line of the horizon concealed from his sight the bloody scene of the war. Then he walked to the foredeck, and there, thousands of miles in front of him lay the invisible, free, and democratic America. He gazed then a little at the ocean, which had been these last days so still and deserted. As far as the eye could see; no trace of a ship was to be seen.

Feeling fresh, Paul started to try physical exercises he knew. He was an athlete, mightily built, and was even famous in his College days as a football star. He could not, how-

ever, swim, though he was a master of many sports.

The deck was bare of people and he began to walk with a steady, measured step, breathing his lungs full of the fresh sea air, when suddenly a terrible convulsion of the ship knocked him down.

Prostrated on the floor and hurt on his hip by his fall, he noticed, however, that dense clouds of smoke were embracing the ship and he heard the sharp thunder of an explosion.

In spite of the pain from his wound, he realized at once the whole situation. A torpedo had struck the ship, and it was sinking fast.

With a supreme effort, he rose on his elbows, and standing up, rushed down to his companions.

Crowded already, the hallways were, with the passengers, who, shouting, weeping and rushing, were making their way up to the deck.

All the previous instructions were forgotten. Like a herd of wild beasts they fought, cried, cursed and acted for one purpose—to save their own precious lives.

Paul fought his way through to the stateroom where his companions were supposed to be. Alas, when he entered the room, it was empty!

A cold sweat appeared on his

forehead. "Where are they?"—he thought with horror. But he had no time to waste there. The ship, by that time, was settling low in the water, and Paul rushed again to the deck. There he saw a miserable picture.

The few lowered boats were filled with women and children. The rest were left on the deck, which was almost under the water.

The few lucky ones who had the life preservers on were jumping into the ocean. Those who had no belts looked hopelessly at the sinking ship, and sprang into the sea.

Paul found himself in a dilemma; he could not swim and he had no life preserver. He was apprehensively looking around in hope of finding the precious ring of cork. Suddenly he noticed on the water a floating preserver. Probably its possessor had slipped out of it and drowned, and now Paul had his chance. Without a second of hesitation he leaped down and got hold of the precious belt.

The cool water stimulated him a little, and he again looked around suffering still from the pain in his hip.

He saw the people around him drowning like flies. A few lucky ones who had life preservers were in a death fight with fear-mad, drowning people. It was a danger to be within the reach of those un-

fortunates and Paul, with the preserver around his waist, moving with his feet and hands, tried to make a swimming-like motion, which would eliminate the seventy feet distance between him and a lifeboat.

He succeeded in his effort, and soon he was holding on to the boat's side. Nobody helped him to climb in, for the boat was full, and besides, several were already hanging on.

Nevertheless, Paul lifted himself up and crowded into the boat, when the thought of the two women pierced his brain.

He was safe, but "What of them?" he thought. But he had a preserver with him, and he could look for them. He was ready to make another dive into the water, when the sound of a well-known voice made him shiver.

He recognized her. That was his bride, Helen. Turning around, he saw her, exhausted in the struggle with the waves, with her fingers clutching a wooden piece of furniture.

For a moment Paul called to him all the coolness and self-possession he had. He tried to think over the situation. She was about eighty feet from him. If he would approach her and give her the preserver, his own death would be in-

evitable, for he could not swim. But there was another way out.

He could still use his muscles, the friends in his ball games in the old College days.

For a moment he even imagined himself a football player. With the oft-practiced action, he lifted the belt high and, making a wide swing, was ready to release his fingers when another occurrence stopped him, and made him turn. In his ears sounded the shriek of his sister, calling for help.

Paul saw her within a hundred feet from the other side of the boat. She was drowning and saw him. He saw her pale face with the desperate appealing eyes. For her was an alternative; either death, or her brother's move and her salvation. . . . Her eyes were burning into him; his thoughts, his soul, his whole being. He could not bear it any longer. Turning around, he again looked to Helen.

That he must save them both, was the clearest idea he had ever had in his life. But how? He could not swim and it would be insanity to swim to one, and to pass the belt to the other.

On the other hand he was puzzled as to what he should do with that belt. Whom should he save? Whom should he sacrifice? Both were dying, both were looking at him with a look no words

could describe, and he safe, with the safety of one of them in his hands, was helplessly watching their end.

That was worse than torture to him. He could have stood all the possible tortures in the world but that.

Should he sacrifice his own life, it would not change the situation. One of them had to die.

Then the thought of himself and of his own life and happiness; he was looking at the drowning Helen, and almost decided his action. Now he was facing her again, as before, with the belt high in his hands, ready to save her.

A second . . . and a shriek. "Murderer!" came from his sister. There a drowning girl called her brother "Murderer."

His hands lifelessly fell down with the belt in them. He could not fight it, could not avoid it. God was the witness, that "thought" was stronger than his own happiness.

His body was shivering, his hands weakly held the saver and destroyer at the same time, and his eyes wildly roved from side to side. Suddenly a hysterical, weeping woman, who was sitting beside him, took advantage of his condition and, with all her strength, grabbed the belt out of his hands.

Instantly he turned to her, with his fists clenched, but as quickly

put them down. It was useless. The preserver was floating already out on the waves, where the woman had thrown it in the hope of saving her son. For a while it floated empty, then a head raised above it.

"He is saved! He is saved!" cried the woman, clasping her hands and laughing and crying by turns.

The head in the preserver drew near to the boat. Soon it was possible to distinguish it.

Instead of her son, the black head of the ship's cook, with his white, shining teeth, showing in a happy smile, looking at the woman. The shock was too great. Without a word or a sigh, she collapsed across the body of the unconscious Paul.

T. Rubin '26.

SO BIG

In Farm School, books recommended as good literature or well-written character studies are usually avoided. But one book has presented itself which most certainly is good literature—and yet I dare recommend it.

I offer this book to you from two viewpoints—literary and agricultural. It is a literary achievement; yet of great agricultural interest. First, in a literary way:

So big—otherwise Dirk de Jong,

is not the outstanding figure. He is dimmed, overshadowed by Selina, his mother. To describe Selina in a few words is like beating the fighting spirit from a Farm School football team—it cannot be **done**.

She is a mystery to Pervus, her husband; a delight to the reader. She thinks cabbages are beautiful!

If this is no attraction to you:

Selina comes to Illinois in the reign of the Dutch vegetable gardener, an imaginative girl among a stolid plodding people. To her, cabbages are beautiful, coral-tinted jewels from heaven; to them, cabbages are cabbages.

We suffer with her through years of slaving in the fields; we grieve when Pervus scouts the idea of planting asparagus: "What! and wait four years for a crop!" We fight for the drainage of the lower field, and have only carrots in our hair for adornment.

Our horticultural students will be interested in Selina's trips to the Chicago market; her first night sleeping in the wagon, selling in the flare of oil torches; years later as the grower of the fine de Jong asparagus.

A work with the touch of genius—and I thank Edna Ferber for a book that passes the acid test—it is worth reading over again.

S. Colton '26.

BLUE CURES

ON A FARM

I

Did you ever feel that life was not real,
 But only an empty cry,
 Or stopped to pine as you look behind
 And saw all the years gone by?
 Why were they so—those moments of
 woe
 Why did you feel so blue?
 Your spirit was down—bad thoughts
 would not drown;
 You had nothing to live to do.

II

Did you ever live with that spirit to
 give
 And find how the world was true;
 How easy it was to be happy because
 The world seemed to smile on you?
 You would declare this life was not air
 Really a Paradise;
 Now I'll tell you how to keep happy
 and proud
 With a little sacrifice.

III

*Aim to do; to be good and true
 To duty, your friends, and yourself.
 Let me tell you with that aim in view
 Your troubles will go to the shelf,
 And you can declare this life is not air
 But really a Paradise;
 If you aim to do; to be good and true
 With a little sacrifice.*

There was a terrible explosion, a rattle, and the delapidated "lizzie" came to a stop. Farmer Hiram Trevis straightened up from his hoeing and saw two young women and a young man with horn-rimmed eyeglasses stepping out of the steaming car.

"Is this a farm?" asked the younger of the fair sex.

"Yes'm"—Trevis was staring.

"May we look around a bit?" She showed two dimples and a set of pearly white teeth.

"Why-uh-Yes'um." Trevis wished they had gone on.

The trio followed their host about the farm. He showed them this and that and everything. They came to the cow barns and began to view the many cows that roamed in the enclosed pasture.

"How hard do you whip a cow to get whipped cream?" The older of the feminine gender asked.

Trevis leaning over the fence contemplating the minutes lost in work almost fell into the enclosure. After what seemed to be a long pause he said, "Oh we don't strike them at all. We make them trot around for about an hour, then we milk them. If you make them trot around three hours you have ice cream."

"Really!"

"Yes'm."

They were about to move away

Nathan Brewer '24

when across the country air a senorous, "moo," vibrated, another floated after the first.

"Oh how sweet! Through which horn did that cow blow?"—the last to Trevis.

"Th—Through th' left one."

"Oh how grand!"

Suddenly the young man pointed and said: "Is that a calf?"

"No, its a colt."

"A colt?"

"Yes."

"Then, why is it following the cow?"

"Because," Trevis' temper was at boiling point, "the cow stole the colt's mother's hay and the colt is trying to get some milk in return."

The sport shot a quick glance at him but Trevis kept a straight face. They continued their rounds. Soon they came to some rows of wheat stacks.

"Isn't that wheat?" asked the younger lady.

"Yes'm."

"And they make bread of them?"

"Yeh."

"Won't you pull a loaf out and let us see it?"

"Sorry miss," (Trevis hoped for a gun), "but we just got them out and sent them to the baker."

"Oh, that is too bad!"

The young sport espied long rows of hay stacks ready to be hauled away. They looked like so many mounds in the distance.

"What's that?" he wanted to know.

"Graves."

"Huh!"

"Yes."

"Gr—graves, did you say?"

"Yes certainly, sure, positively; in other words, it's graves."

"Oh!" A long pause. "What is in them?"

"Over a hundred cows, ten of my twenty boys, and a great many pigs."

"Whew!" Another pause; a startled look around. "How did they die so?"

"Oh; the cows got wild and charged me so I picked them off with my gun. My boys were bitten by rattle snakes and the pigs died of curiosity."

There were exclamations of surprise and fear.

"Are we in danger of wild cows or snakes?" The young man licked his lips and glanced wildly around as if he was looking for something.

"Yes. Any minute while here; or even in this county; you are in danger of your life."

"How is it you are staying here?" The young lady; not at all frightened smiled at him.

"Well; for one thing I can handle a gun and another I want to hide my grief out here."

"Oh!"

As they moved on a cowbell tinkled sweetly on the gentle breeze from a great distance.

"Ah," exclaimed the dude, "a cowbell—it's like music in my ears."

"Oh." said the farmer exasperated, "so you're a farmer too, eh?"

"Me? Humph! I should say not! I'm a jazz orchestra leader!"

"Oh!"

Suddenly from the direction of the farm house two boys were seen running towards where they were standing. To get there, the two youngsters had to go over the mounds and straight for them the boys were making. As they made their way to the center of the mounds one of the boys suddenly stopped, screamed, and began to fight something at his feet. Failing to rid himself of the hidden foe he threw up his arms, clutched at his heart and pitched forward. The other kept on but only got two rows ahead when he too clutched at his heart, spun around and fell on top of the mound, and lay still.

As they gazed in horror upon the scene, from a nearby enclosure two other boys had what looked like from a distance sticks. But the boys after running a few steps, whirled and leveled the sticks at the cows. Two jets of flame flashed at the foremost cow, followed by a loud report. Guns!

The boys came nearer, waving their rifles. One of them topped one of the mounds and pitched headlong lying still. The other fired at the ground, recoiled, then fell. From where the horrified spectators stood they could see four still bodies, and the coming cows, which had turned slightly in their paths and came straight for the still living group. Trevis caught on to the game as

he saw one of the prone figures crawl away and disappear behind a mound. Indifferently he turned on his uninvited guests and said:

"See, four more of my boys and there goes some more of my wild cows. I guess I'll have to shoot them down as they come for us."

The cows were thundering nearer. Trevis felt a heavy pistol shoved into his hand. Looking quickly he saw a single blank in the chamber. He aimed and pulled the trigger. The report reverberated through the air and awoke the echoes of the neighboring hills.

"H—l! The gun is jammed. Run for your lives." Trevis sprang in front of the trio as if to guard them from the coming death. The city breeds awoke to life.

With a yell the dude sprinted for the fence, cleared it, and dove head first into the tonneau of the car. A split second after, the gentler sex followed. A heavy explosion shook the flivver and with a roar it tore down the country road.

Trevis leaned against the fence and laughed until his sides ached. From across the fields came four grinning "dead" boys. They joined in the gaiety.

"How-how did you-you do it?" gasped Trevis between his laughter.

"Well, dad," said the oldest, "we heard you filling them up with bunk so I knew you wanted them off. So after you said those things about the cows,

and mounds, we struck on a plan. And he chuckled, "it worked."

"Come," said the father. "And I am going to see that you are paid for your

troubles. Such pests should be taught some lessons in not asking too many questions. Let's go into the house."

Abe Zolotor '27

Sentiments and Surveys

LIFE AND AGRICULTURE

We often wonder about the mysterious power of life contained in tiny seeds, which, undergoing certain changes, grow up into stout plants and cover the bare ground with a carpet of living green.

In Genesis we are told that in creating the first man God had taken a piece of common soil and endowed it with life. From that time on and for all time to come man has depended and will continue to depend for his life, upon the earth from which he was fashioned.

Human activities, no matter what they are, derive the necessary life energy from the products of the soil. Therefore, Agriculture, as a whole, is the basis of mankind's existence. Besides this merely economical function it has even more extensive functions.

A farmer, like any other human; whether craftsman, artist, scientist or laborer uses certain muscular energies, except that in his case they are applied to tilling the soil and the care of animals. During his daily toil he may combine all the efforts of a mechanic, doctor and business man in the doing of one task. His efforts are directed

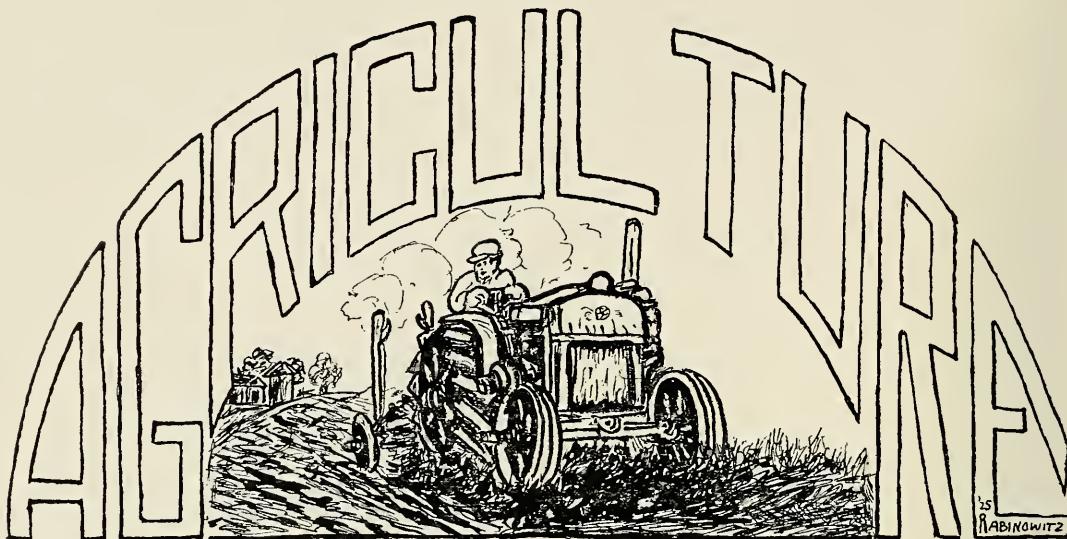
in more than one channel. He grasps the whole of life with all its colors and shadows in his huge embrace. He, too has his share of credit for the creation of buildings, bridges, machines, and in fact all things made through man's ingenuity; for, does he not furnish the food which supplies energy?

Of all the beautiful sights on our earth, the most impressive, perhaps, is the sight of millions of cultivated acres from which come the food stuffs that serve to furnish life and energy to the teeming millions.

It is the farmer who makes all else possible, although he is not recognized and given credit; but in the time to come when our earth becomes much too crowded and food scarce, then will Agriculture come into its own and receive due recognition, unless science discovers a way of producing synthetic food.

T. Rubin '26

SUPPORT THE GLEANER



L. BLUMBERG '25

Agricultural Report

As summer fades, the school becomes absorbed in its fall work. We are taking advantage of the variable weather and we are rushing our plowing and seeding.

As for our hay crop, our mows are all filled with excellent timothy, clover, and alfalfa. A fair success was also realized with our Japanese millet, considering this is the first time we have grown it to any extent as a major crop.

The corn turned out much better than was expected earlier in the season. As it now stands we have had enough for silage and will have quite a little for husking.

Our potato patches have been well sprayed and cultivated. When

the crop is harvested we expect to find the fields teeming with clean, good-sized, high quality potatoes.

The milk production is very good at this time, and outside of a few minor instances our herd is in top-notch shape.

The Horticulture Department is engaged in the peach harvest and have disposed of a large amount of fruit at profitable prices. Apples are just ripening and a fair harvest is expected. A bumper crop of tomatoes has been produced and they are being sent to the kitchen, and a large quantity disposed of at the commission houses. This department is also keeping the kitchen amply supplied with all vegetables.

At our Poultry plant a big success has been made with our pullets and

eleven hundred have commenced to lay.

The "broiler" business has been the best in the history of the department and this time of the year broilers uphold the expense and bring in quite a little profit.

The laying houses were thoroughly cleaned, disinfected and whitewashed. In these houses we put in selected stock for breeding purposes and we are introducing blood of the original Ferris strain.

The Poultry Department has proven that we have the best vitality birds in Bucks County, by winning prizes for birds and eggs entered, at the recent Bucks County Fair.

We look forward to having a greater success with our young stock, considering the very high quality of stock we are introducing.

History of Swine

Domestic swine belong to the class of thick-skinned, water-loving animals, which includes the elephants, the rhinoceros, the tapir and the peccaries. Domestic hogs, especially the so-called "razor-backs" and "Hazel splitters," revert to a semi-wild state in a few generations if left to themselves, as has occurred in parts of North and South America.

While species of wild hogs are natives of many countries, it is thought by some that the domesticated hog of the various countries has descended from the wild boar of Europe and not from the various species of wild hogs in the different countries. A German naturalist in 1860 classified all known breeds of swine into two groups:

First—*Sus-Scrofa*, including all breeds that resemble in essential respects, and in descent, the common wild boar of Europe.

Second—*Sus-Indicus*, including several breeds whose origin is unknown. Some of the breeds are the domesticated hogs of China and Siam.

The different species of wild hogs, which, differing materially from one another, have in common certain characteristics which may be numerated as follows:

1st. Fierce in disposition. All hogs are considered fierce and dangerous enemies when provoked to attack.

2nd. The males are noted for thick tusk development, and when mature, do not go in droves or herds.

3d. They feed largely in the night time.

4th. The young of most species are more or less striped for several months.

5th. Wild sows suckle their young for several months and guide, and defend them from one to three months.

While it is generally believed that the domesticated swine of to-day have descended from some wild forms now inhabiting parts of Europe, important changes have taken place in the form and habits of these animals, some of the most important of which are:

1st. The ears have become less alert and are not moved to so great an extent by will.

2nd. The tusks and muscles of the neck are very much reduced in size.

3rd. The hind quarters are more fully developed, especially that part known as the ham.

4th. The limbs have been reduced much in length.

5th. The digestive organs have been enlarged, so that the animals have a much greater capacity for digesting and assimilating food.

6th. The solitary habit of the male is largely lost.

7th. The female breeds more frequently, does not protect her young so long and has more young at birth.

8th. They feed mostly in the day-time.

Swine have been subjected to domestication since very early times.

It is said that Chinese record of swine date previous to the year 3000 B. C.

The flesh of swine formed an article of diet of many of the nations of antiquity, but certain ones, including the Jews, Egyptians and Hindoos, were not permitted to eat it.

The improvement of domesticated breeds of swine has largely been made through the English breeds, whose foundation was the old English hog.

Two distinct types of old English hogs are mentioned. The type that was used most in the formation of the improved breeds of swine and was the large flat-sided, large-boned, coarse animal, with long legs, long snout, coarse hair, and large, drooping ears. These hogs matured late, and were slow and hard breeders, but eventually grew to be very large. They were strong of constitution, excellent breeders, and imparted more or less vigor to all improved breeds.

2. The Chinese and Neapolitan breeds were used to refine the old English hog in the production of the modern improved breeds, both in England and America.

The effect of both these crosses was to decrease the size, shorten the legs, and improve the form and fattening qualities of the English breeds. The improved swine matured

earlier but were poorer breeders than the original English breed.

The "American Hog" has descended almost entirely from English breeds. The early settlers brought with them swine which were allowed to run at large, and in most cases to fatten en masse, which varied in different localities. No attention was paid to the breeding in the frontier settlements, and the result was the formation of the type known as the "elm pealer," "razor-back," or "hazel-splitter," and often a reversion to semi-wild condition. As the population increased, there was a demand for economical pork production and a better quality of product, which resulted in a selective breeding and the importation of improved stock, especially from England. While original stock was mostly from England, there was some from Holland, Sweden and possibly other parts of Europe. From this the American breeds have been formed.

The domesticated breeds of swine in the United States have been classified in three ways. Such classification is convenient in comparing swine, although it must necessarily be more or less indefinite.

1. As to Nationality: American, English.

2. As to Color: Black, white and sandy.

3. As to Stock: Large, medium and small.

The chief American breeds are Chester Whites, Poland China, Duroc Jersey, Cheshire, Victoria and Hampshire.

The chief English breeds are Yorkshires—with three subdivisions—medium, large and small Berkshires, Essex, Suffolk, and Tamworth.

The black breeds are Essex, Berkshire and Poland-China. There is also a spotted strain of Poland-Chinas. The Hampshire is a black with a white belt.

The white breeds are Chester White, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Victoria, Suffolk.

The sandy breeds are Duroc-Jersey and Tamworth.

The large breeds include Poland-China, Berkshire, Cheshire, Duroc-Jersey, Middle Yorkshire, Victoria, and Hampshire.

The chief small breeds are Essex, Suffolk, and small Yorkshire. The classification as to size is necessarily indefinite, owing to the variation of breeds in the hands of different breeders, and at different times, according to the demands of the markets and the public taste.

In order to better understand the characteristics of the various breeds in question, make a somewhat careful study of the origin, breeding, and general management of each breed.

William H. Dorell '25.

Floriculture

During the three summer months in which Mr. Mayer was absent, we had been carrying on with our work under the management of Mr. Goldich, of the twenty-four class.

Mr. Goldich, though he only graduated some six months ago, has made such a close study of his favorite vocation that the Dean saw fit to recall him to assume charge of the Greenhouses. Under his care the plants prospered and in fact, grew amazingly. Never have we had plants of such good quality before. We were very sorry when he left us in order to enroll as a student at Massachusetts Agricultural College, where he intends to study Landscape Architecture.

Now Mr. Mayer is back and he is very pleased with conditions at the

Greenhouses. It seems as if the plants have sensed his return and are trying to outgrow and excell each other in order to please him.

The plants mentioned are about twelve thousand Chrysanthemums, a good number of which are in bloom; about six thousand Carnations, which have made a very sturdy growth and will bloom in about a month; about seven thousand stocky and bushy Snapdragons, which will follow the mums; about three thousand Calendulas, also to follow the mums; a bed of sweet peas (early ones), besides the numerous ferns, primroses and odd plants, all of which are in good condition. We also have a few hundred Calla Lillies which we have recently brought in from outside, where they were started during warm weather.

H. Rabinowitz '25.

SPORTS

"MIKE" COHIEN '25

And That's That

Hold 'em! Hold 'em!
They yell with all their might.
Hold 'em! Hold 'em!
Excitement's at its height.
Opponents are singing

Of the time they'll have that night—
But wait dear readers, don't
Get the tail off your kite,
And now this little climax
To you I will recite:
The team doing the holding

Was N. F. S. all right.
Did the other team get thru?
Well no! They did not quite!
For when they met with Farm School
They met a team with fight—
Yes, but——about that climax?
Now you just sit down tight:
We got the ball and then we—
Then we—yes! That is right
Cap Bozo threw a forward
Does that put you in the light?
If not—you don't know Bozo
Nor our ends——so good night!

N. Brewer '24

—
Make room—get set—clear your mind and system, for were we not told to eat, sleep and drink football?

We have done all of this and are still going strong. As a result of our joyous labors on the gridiron we have succeeded in presenting eleven warriors and sufficient understudies to carry us through the present season with enough football sense, skill and fight, to come out on top in the scrimmage that our schedule will bring.

There is something new, something different, that accounts for this burst of spirit and competition that has given Farm School a real

team with just ordinary material. One need but mention the name Rogers and the mystery is solved. Our "Big Brother," Sport Director and Coach, and he is certainly all of this, although quite miraculous in his accomplishments, he is just human and one of us. He hails from Illinois and is incidently a graduate of one of the large Colleges of that State. He has performed a much-needed operation, that of injecting into us a bit of true College "red blood."

Our former "Coach," Stangel is faithful in assisting Mr. Rogers and must be remembered when considering the merits of our varsity eleven.

"Captain" Alexander heads the list of veterans, with "Manager" Goldstein, Stringer, Santoria, Schneider, Brewer, Elliot and Gordon comprising the letter men.

Much is expected of the new material that will be seen in action.

The following schedule has been arranged:

Sept. 27—Quakertown—away.
Oct. 4—Open.
Oct. 11—Lancaster—away.
Oct. 18—N. J. State Normal—at home.

Oct. 25—Easton H. S.—away.
 Nov. 1—Open.
 Nov. 8—P. I. D.—away.
 Nov. 15—Pending.
 Nov. 22—Open.
 Nov. 27—Atlantic City H. S.—
 away.

September third found football practice in full swing at National Farm School. There had been a few light skirmishes prior to this time.

The opening of this season finds Captain Stringer, of last year, at his regular end position; other members of the old line to report are Goldstein, Brewer, Elliott, Cohien and Gottlieb with Kisber, Walters, Pisarev and Huff—all Freshmen, showing keen competition for regular berths.

In the backfield we have Captain-elect Alexander, Santoria, Gordon, Schneider and Horwitz with Junior Regal all bidding strong for regular positions. These men should make a combination hard to beat *with the right kind of cooperation*, as they have all had some experience.

This year, for the first time, the faculty has issued practice permits to twenty-seven men, allowing them three evenings a week for training. This grant enables the coach to have two teams for skirmish all the time, which is a very important essential to a successful season.

Our first game with Quakertown has proved that we, indeed, have a fair team at the beginning of the season, because we beat them 37—0, while last year we just managed to get away with 6—0.

To the members of the team, this season means work and *hard work*. It means indomitable fighting spirit and undivided attention to the mastery of the position each member expects to play. Right thru the season each player must play team work and lay aside all petty jealousies. *Don't get over confident*, but show your opponents that you have *one game* in you and that win or lose you can show good sportsmanship.

To the other boys who are faithfully performing details for those men who are on the squad the Coach wishes to express his appreciation. This is the kind of spirit which tells and will have the underlying habits of unselfishness and altruism so thoroughly committed, that the records will make an imprint on our lives whether we are conquerors or conquered.

Coach Rogers

SUPPORT THE GLEANER

CLASS and CLUBS

M. B. SCHWARTZ '25

CLASS and CLUBS.

Our Summer term ends today, and we shall start our fall classes to-morrow.

With the starting of class work, our thoughts also turn to our clubs, and we sure do need them. There are many fellows who are not interested in sports, and they want to do something to take the place of them.

So the following clubs have been organized:-

Literary Society

Public Speaking Club

Chess and Checker Club

Natural Science Club

Now all we have to do is to awaken enough interest to start them going again.

J. A. '26.

-SENATE-

The Senate, a group of men, elected by the Senior and Junior classes to make and carry out laws by which the student body shall be governed, has been very successful to date. It has made laws by which the school as well as each student has been benefited a great deal, and has helped bring up the spirit of the school to a high standard.

All cases brought before the Senate by the students have been dealt with in

a fair way, tried, punished or settled impartially.

The Senate has had very few cases for trial in the past few months and now that the Freshmen are settled, and the Juniors quiet once more the Senate looks foward to a peaceful year, Amen!

Leo Gottlieb '25.

Secretary.

CLASS OF '25.

Just as busy as ever—We have all lined up behind Coach Rogers and all eligible "twenty-fivers" are out there setting the example to all the rest of the squad. As for class affairs we are at present concerned with the movement to erect a permanent "Senior Bench" and also the raising of funds for the yearbook. The latter has us somewhat worried but we'll come to the top anyway.

Classes are about to begin now and we all seriously intend to make these six last months of study profitable ones. Everyone has been satisfied about the subjects he will take because all the classes but one have been made electives.

W. L. Rinnenberg
Secretary '25.

THE TWENTY-SIXERS

Well, boys, we are overjoyed to hear that you liked our Prom so well. We gratefully acknowledge your thanks and congratulations. Also that of the Faculty and girls. It was our ambition to make the affair a memorable one, and we are gratified to find we have succeeded.

Just now football is in the air and we are looking forward to the annual Freshman-Junior battle with great anticipation. With Captain Alexander to Coach us, and Ed Gordon to Captain us, the day of the game will find us ready in tip-top condition.

Our semi-annual elections were held recently, with the following results: Hyman Levin, President; Jos. Kisber, Vice-President; Jos. Kleinfeld, Secretary; Abraham Cohen, Treasurer.

Jos. Kleinfeld,
Secretary.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

Well, fellows, we certainly pulled that Banquet off in great style, did we not? We did so good with that event that there is no doubt about our trimming the Juniors in the Annual struggle.

The Annual Football Banquet was held in Lasker Hall on Friday evening September 26, Mr. O. A. Stangel was Toastmaster and Dr. Ostrolenk and Mr. Herbert D. Allman were speakers. My! wasn't that Capon good?

A meeting was held on September

9, in the regular meeting place and everyone was pleased with the show of 'pep' and enthusiasm demonstrated at this time. Coaches Rogers and Goldstein put forth some mighty fine words of both commendation and encouragement.

E. Etesse,
Secretary, '27.

ORGANIZATION of the PUBLIC SPEAKING CLUB.

Our organization of the Public Speaking Club with its fifteen members, and our new leader, Mr. Rogers, is again coming to life after its organizer and leader S. Cahan left the school four months ago. The organization became dormant for it lacked the spirit and support which Cahan had given it.

For the short time of its existence this organization has proved its great value to its members. It is our big satisfaction that due to the attention and help of Mr. Rogers, we are able to renew our activities in this field.

L. B. and T. R.

LIBRARY NOTES

Work on the Krauskopf Memorial Library looks more promising this morning. Now we can at least hope to move the books from their present home to the shelves of the new building by October twelfth.

The present reading room has been

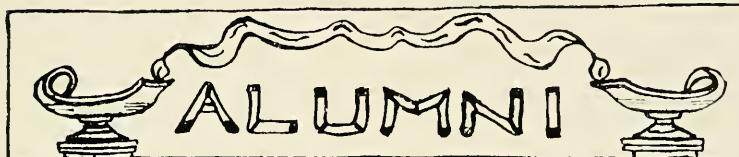
cool and pleasant during the summer and many students have spent their evenings reading the periodicals and becoming acquainted with the books on the shelves.

The room is open all day, especially Saturday and Sunday, and two hours every evening that students may have an opportunity to read the magazines after work hours.

Many worn books have been repaired and the card catalogue has been carefully gone over to ascertain the number of books in the library.

The Agricultural Bulletins need arranging for convenience to instructors and students before academic work begins in October.

Miss Churchman,
Librarian.



Today we are all gathered here from far and near to celebrate the annual "Harvest Day!" and let's make it a Big Day that will go down in the history of Farm School as one of our best.

We want you all to take the opportunity today, to meet our new physical director, Mr. John Rogers, who is sure to put out the best drilled football machine Farm School ever had. We are expecting to see a large attendance of our grads at each game. Surely you will

all see the great improvement in our campus and buildings, and we want you to enjoy them to their fullest extent.

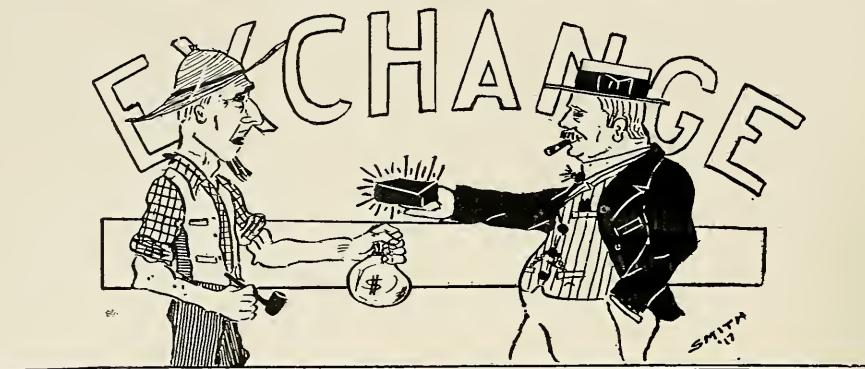
Because of the constant advances made in Agriculture by our grads, it is difficult to keep an accurate file of their addresses, so we would like you to send us your present address.

Send all correspondence to the Alumni Editor, "Gleaner," National Farm School, Pa.

M. B. S. '25.

Support The Gleaner

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With the opening of the new fall semester and the inevitable grind of studies comes the joy of getting back to see the "old fellows," and of course the Collegians and "Cakes" will be swapping tales of their adventures with Sand-Witches, accompanied by the usual noise from the Drug Store Cowboy. There should be plenty of views and comments from our exchanges.

The Gleaner would like to hear from
 "The Oracle", Bangor, Maine;
 "College and State", North Dakota
 Agricultural College;
 "On Bounds", Montclair Academy,
 Montclair, N. J.;

"Mt. Airy World", Philadelphia Institute of Deaf, Mt. Airy, Pa.
 "The Perkiomenite", Perkiomen School, Pennsburg, Pa.;
 "Elm Tribune", Elm Vocational School, Buffalo, N. Y.;
 "The Torch", Doylestown High School, Doylestown, Pa.;
 "The Port Light", North Attleboro High, Mass.;
 "The Onas", William Penn High School for Girls, Phila.;
 "The Student", Freeport High School; Long Island;
 "High School Record", Camden High School, Camden, N. J.

CAMPUS NEWS

"LANKY" SNYDER '26

Letters From a Freshman

Dear Check,

Please send me a Papa. How I vos I am. Everything has happened since last I have written. De a pair of Collgate's pents. "I

Yoniors had dar dence. I vas made to collect money, one sheba hends me a smilish smile. Ach! How can I collect de money? I get mine self

Please Mention The Gleaner

didn't know de make pents. I thought they made tooth paste!"

Just now there is football in the hair. Oy! vot a funny game! You get next to von guy, he hits you in de head, you kick him in de pupick, until somebody drops. A Yonior told me I will make a good half back. I don't know what dot is. Some one says vay back, I go back. Anodder says, full back, anodder says quarter back. Say, dis is a crazy game. Right now I think I got a broken back.

They have two fishing tackles on de line and two mud guards near de center. De guy de call quarter back aint worth a half. Maybe dot guy ain't dum. He started to yell some numbers at the players like he vas crazy. De ball is passed and everybody gets excited. Somebody starts running. They yell to me catch him, so I run for him, he punches me in de nose and keeps running. I don't understand why he don't turn around and chase me after I tag him.

"It's awful colt, papa. Yesterday Dolly got a Colt."

Just now ve is getting boild potatoes, also boils on de neck.

Papa, you should see me step out. Saturday I vent to de grove mit two other shrieks and ve picked up three girls, dot is dey did. Dey both let me pay for de eats. Oy! de odder two girls vas gold diggers,

but mine girl was not. She wouldn't even let me take her home on de trolley, so ve vent by taxi. I only spent nine dollars on her. She then asked me for a date. I vent and bought her a whole bag and she got med. Women are hard to farshtaen, ain't they, papa? I got a lift coming back, und de guy vas pinched for spedink, but he let me pay for it. I don't know vy, but everybody takes an interest in me.

Last night I vent up to hear Signor Levin sing (he's not a Wop, he's a Jew) "Sleeveless Vests." Somebody wanted to know if Aili Aili are twins and if Mart and Mike Cohien are brothers.

Papa, a cow is an animal with four legs, one in each corner.

Papa, I am going to be a shoulder. Yesterday I marched mit de National Fence Day. De quarterback was calling de signals, but nobody got excited like before.

Ve got a new rule dat ve can't pick grapes before December 1st.

Your loving son,

Mos Staken.

Patronize

Our Advertisers

Rosenau —(to a freshmau on trial before the Senate)—“We want nothing from you suh, but silence and very little of that.”

Colton—“What do you call a man who drives an automobile?”

Galook—“It depends how close he comes to me.”

A farmer was trying to sell a horse the otherday. The animal was wind broken, but as sleek as could be. The owner trotted him around for inspection and then remarked, “Hasn’t he a lovely coat?”

Prospective buyer—“The coat is alright but I dont like the pants.”

Dear Big Brother:

I’m not going to visit you in Farm School because I hear they got thrashing machines and it’s bad enough when they do it by hand.

Your
Little Brother.

Blunder—“What’s the shape of the earth?”

Bozo—“Round.”

Blunder—“How do you know?”

Bozo—“Alright it’s square; I dont want to start an argument.”

Wisemen—“Are you going to leave that pile of dirt here all night?”

Kaplan—“No, we’ll dig a hole and shove it in.”

Pizarrev—“What’s the difference between the Prince of Wales, a baldheaded man, an orphan, and a gorilla?”

Wiseberg—“The Prince of Wales is an heir apparent, a bald headed man has no hair apparent, and orphan has nary a parent, and the gorrilla has a hairy parent.”

A judge illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, stated that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure life imprisonment only fifteen survived.

Divy—“What is a posthumous book?”

Satchel—“It’s a book a man writes after he’s dead.”

Archy—“My father’s tenants are a world of bother.”

Etesse—“Quite likely; ten aunts might be considered enough to bother any one.”

Father—That young fellow, Goldberg, who came to see you, should get a job in a freak museum.”

Daughter—“Why father!”

Father—“Last night when I passed in the hall he had two heads on his shoulders.”

SUPPORT

THE GLEANER

Davidowitz—"Where do you pick up all your girls?"

Froggy—"In a skating rink."

Davidowitz—"Why in a skating rink?"

Froggy—"Because that's the only place they fall for me."

She—"Don't you ever get lonely at the Farm school?"

Doremus—"Oh, yes, but I have some good jokes I tell myself."

Brewer—"Hay, waiter!"

Moony—"How will you have it?"

They claim that the eggs are so big in Farm School, that it only takes eight to make a dozen.

A visitor in a small town recently was astonished to see a sign—"A. Swindler, Lawyer." Upon meeting the lawyer, the visitor asked him why he didn't put his full first name on the sign. "My dear sir," replied the lawyer, "My first name is Adam."

Kleinfield—"I don't believe I have a friend in the world."

Fairy—"Here's a chance to make one, lend me a nickel."

She—"Where is your son Jimmy?"

He—"He's in the National Farm School, studying agriculture."

She—"Agriculture?"

He—"Scientific farming."

She—"Why did he have to go so far from home, couldn't he have studied in the college of Pharmacy?"

Young man—"So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister. Who comes after her?"

Small boy—"Nobody yet, but Pa says the first fellow that comes can have her."

It takes two to make a bargain, but only one of them gets it.

Schwartz—"I can't see why jazz musicians should be paid fifteen dollars a day. Boiler makers get only ten dollars a day and make almost as much noise and do something useful besides."

Rosenau—"What a fool that man was to get up at two o'clock in the morning to go horseback riding."

Fats—"What man was that?"

Rosenau—"Paul Revere."

Satchel—"I know a baby who was raised on elephant's milk and grew to be as big as an elephant."

Mooney—"Whose baby was it?"

Satchel—"An elephant's."

1st Actor—"Did you ever play in Hamlet?"

2nd Actor—"Did I, why I played in every hamlet in the country."

Santoria—"What were you doing with that red lamp last night?"

Schiff—"I found it down on the state road. Some fellow left it near a big hole."

Fair visitor—"What's the bull used for?"

Semel—"For bull fights."

Jumbo (at Junior Prom)—“That girl thought I wanted to kill her.”

Lucy—“How’s that?”

Jumbo—“I asked her for the next dance.”

Asch “What do bees do on a rainy day?”

Georgie Green “They hang around the hive and tell stories.”

She—“What would the world be without women?”

HY—“A perfect blank—like a sheet of paper; not even ruled.”

“Swear not at all,” the pastor exclaimed to James, in an angry strife.

“I do not swear at all” cried James, “only at my wife.”

Freshman—(Rolling a big log) “What will I do now there is a tree in the way?”

John Asch—“Give me an ax and I’ll chop it down.”

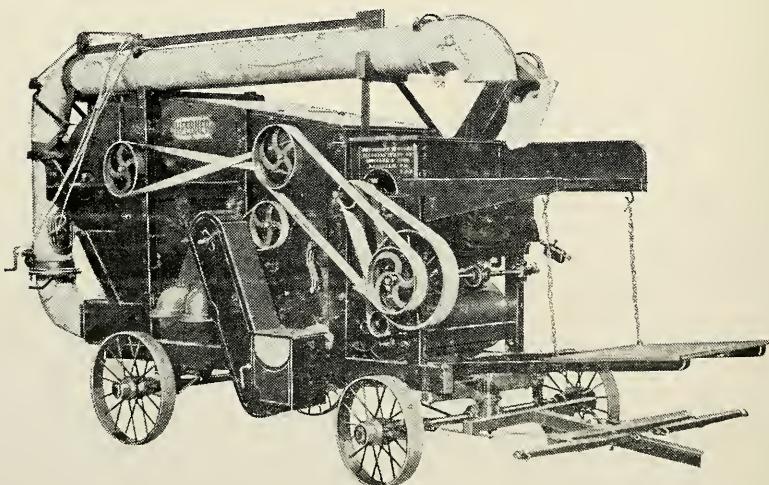
Si—“Greek’s girl has dropped him; he’s broke.”

Joe—“That’s the way girls usually drop things that are broke.”

Si—“Not exactly; she broke him before she dropped him.”

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Friend

Wilson—"Why is Wiseman like the sea?"

Wiseberg—"I don't know; why is Wiseman like the sea?"

Wilson—"Because he is never quiet."

Cherry—"I just swallowed a bottle of ink. What shall I do?"

Rosenthal—"Chew up a blotter and swallow it."

She (after he kissed her)—"What do you mean by kissing me? What do you mean?"

Si—"Er; er, nothing."

She—"Then don't you dare do it again. I don't want any man to kiss me unless he means business."

Jack—"I would die for you."

B—"Then you may name the day."

Jack—"For the wedding?"

B—"No, for the funeral."

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